TITLE: Colonel Abel's Assistant

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# STUDIES IN INTELLIGENCE

A collection of articles on the historical, operational, doctrinal, and theoretical aspects of intelligence.

*The reconstructed history of a Soviet deep-cover intelligence operation against the United States.*

# COLONEL ABEL'S ASSISTANT

**W. W. Rocafort**

This history ends in Paris, in the spring, two years ago. On Monday the sixth of May, 1957, the American Embassy received an incoherent, urgent telephone call; someone had information of importance to U.S. security. Late in the afternoon the caller came in—a burly man wearing a blue-and-red-striped tie, fortyish, unmistakably alcoholic but showing under his uncertain equilibrium the remnants of a once sure military bearing. He claimed to be a Soviet intelligence officer on his way back from the United States to Moscow.

An American intelligence representative was called, and questioned him for hours. The man had all the qualifications of a crackpot, but his story, if disjointed, was circumstantial, and he offered some concrete evidence of his profession. He was kept in contact until his data could be checked. In return for purported information about the KGB, it developed, he wanted to be taken back to New York, to his wife, and hurriedly. He couldn't wait, began communicating with her by tapping messages on his chest, his other arm held up as an antenna. Word came, none too soon, that his facts checked out. He was got onto a plane on May 9. In the ensuing weeks, sustained by quantities of brandy and plied with questions in his more lucid intervals, he furnished the essential fragments of the dismal tale that follows.*

## *State of Soviet State Security, 1948*

Colonel Aleksandr Mikhailovich Korotkov was exasperated. It wasn't the endless reorganizing of the intelligence and se-

* The presentation of this case as a chronological narrative has been accomplished by filling gaps with hypothetical material, cutting Gordian knots of conflicting probabilities, and manipulating the arrangement of some facts. The circumstances of these semi-fictional reconstructions are discussed in the numbered notes assembled at the end of the narrative.

curity agencies at the top; that scarcely affected him. As head of security's deep-cover foreign intelligence operations, he had the same job to do whether it was under the NKVD, the NKGB, the MGB, or, as for the past year, the KI. About the only innovation under the KI had been the effort, now aborted, to amalgamate the deep-cover activities of military intelligence with his own; and the military people had shown the same stuffy aloofness in his own shop that characterized them before and after in the GRU. Now that that was over, it seemed certain the KI would eventually be dissolved, and Korotkov had already begun to think of his outfit as back with the MGB.[1]

The source of Colonel Korotkov's present exasperation was a different policy matter, one that affected operations—the unrealistic impatience of the Big Brass, all the way up to Stalin. He himself had been telling them for years that it was going to be necessary to concentrate intelligence resources on deep cover to avoid being limited more and more to purely overt information on the West. Especially in America, just at the time when the initials *U.S.* began to dominate all the Top Priority Intelligence Objectives, the Gouzenko blow-up—those military people, again!—had put an end to the lush years when you could go anywhere and do anything under paper-thin official cover. You simply couldn't run an effective agent net while under the kind of surveillance Soviet officials were getting in America nowadays.

But now that the Brass had finally been convinced that things had changed since the war years, they expected you to triple your deep-cover operations overnight. He and Shiryayev, who was in charge of his American section, were doing what they could, but it takes time. Shiryayev had remarked the other day that Comrade Beria and the men around him must be too busy with matters of state policy—meaning in-fighting and intrigues—to be concerned with the problem of lead time in getting officers out under deep cover. They couldn't understand why it should take years, even if you had a man already trained, to establish and document a legend to serve as a water-tight biography of his cover identity. They had even wanted to send one of their darlings—"Big Shot," Shiryayev called him—right off under a cheesecloth

and patchwork legend to take charge of deep-cover operations in New York.

Korotkov had got that one sidetracked, anyway. In a few months one of his veterans, Rudolph Ivanovich Abel, would arrive in New York to handle things for a while. Colonel Abel was not the ideal man; he was too straightforward and inflexible—that's what had caused his trouble with the Party a decade ago and permanently retarded his career—and now he was getting on in years. But if he lacked pliability and youthful zest he was as sound and solid as an old oak; he would do a good routine job with irreproachable security, and if worst came to worst you could depend on him. Meantime Big Shot could be building up the documentation for a decent legend for himself, if he still wanted to take over when Abel retired.

You couldn't put all your powder behind one shot, though, especially not a Big Shot who liked to cut a swathe rocking around in fast cars.[2] Someone in reserve should be readied during the next three or four years, preferably a young officer with initiative, intelligence, sound character, and practical training. Korotkov studied through the personnel papers General Baryshnikov[3] had sent him to look over; Vladimir Yakovlevich, Deputy for Personnel in the MGB Foreign Intelligence Directorate—or was he still in KI? No matter—was a friend of his and especially looked out for his needs. This batch of potential recruits was a good one. Most of them had domestic security experience, providing an indication of their reliability and obviating some of the need for training, and a few were bilingual in Russian and some language which would lend itself to the establishment of a biographical legend outside the USSR.

One of these still unwitting candidates seemed outstanding. He was a Party member of five years' standing, a senior operative at one of State Security's posts in the Karelo-Finnish SSR, and only 28 years old. He came of good peasant stock from the Leningrad area, where a lot of Finnish was spoken; his elementary and secondary schooling, in fact, had been in Finnish, and he had learned some German too. He had been graduated with honors from the secondary school and accepted at a teachers' college without entrance examination. After graduation from college he had taught physics and mathe-

matics in his old secondary school and at the same time a class in a nearby primary school. Called up in the regular draft, he had been grabbed eagerly by the security service, then under the NKVD, at the age of 19, just before the Finnish war broke out. During that and the Great Fatherland War he had served continuously in counterintelligence and security duties in the north and had become expert in many operational skills, notably in the recruitment and training of agents. He had nine years of efficiency ratings characterizing him as intelligent, energetic, resourceful, and dedicated.

The one blemish on this man's record, from Korotkov's point of view, was his apparent devotion to the girl, Aleksandra Ivanovna Moiseyeva, whom he had married six years ago and to their adopted son. Well, he could learn to live without them; others had. Korotkov consulted Shiryayev and then asked Baryshnikov to recruit Lieutenant Reino Andrey Hayhanen, among others, for foreign intelligence operations under deep cover.

*Basic Training in Estonia*

Family Hayhanen, riding south and west through the lake country, in its summer greenery, to Tallin, were excited and happy. They had done a lot of traveling during the war, mostly in the KFSSR, but they had been stuck in Padany for two years now, and they had never been to Estonia. Aleksa imagined it might be less raw and wild than the northland, more like her own quiet countryside southeast of Moscow. Tallin, they said, was a city of about the same size as Tambov. The boy was forever making stupendous discoveries from the train window or getting into other people's things. Reino thought about his three days in Moscow.

He seemed to have made a tremendous impression on them there at No. 2 Dzerzhinskiy Square. Very important people—Baryshnikov, Korotkov, Shiryayev and his deputy Akhmedov, not to mention the Major Abramov who squired him about—seemed to consider his accomplishments remarkable and to be terribly pleased that he knew Finnish and Russian equally well. He had enjoyed his wartime work in Finland, the land of his father's folks, and now looked forward to a new and more important kind of activity there. Presumably it *would*

be Finland, although they double-talked it—"the country of your future assignment."

The caginess and mystery both titillated and disturbed him. Only one man in the MBG office at Tallin, Colonel Pavel Panteleymonovich Pastelnyak, would know that he was training with Korotkov's outfit. Foreign intelligence was fine, a higher-grade profession than being a glorified policeman, but he wished it could be under official cover. The role of a clandestine foreign agent was bound to be an inconspicuous one, and the compartmentation might hurt his career as a Soviet officer. Yet General Baryshnikov had assured him that he would advance much faster this way—captain after a year, major in two or three more, etc. And if they were going to put all foreign intelligence under deep cover that helped take the curse off it. At least he had their promise that Aleksa and the boy could accompany him. Otherwise it would be no go. She was so dependent on him. . . .

In Tallin Hayhanen found himself spending half his time on cover duties for the local MGB—familiar work, spotting and evaluating agents for activity in Finland, Sweden, and maybe other countries. The rest of the time, when he was supposed to be on "personal assignment" to Colonel Pastelnyak, he was learning both the chauffeur-mechanic and the photographer jobs, as tradecraft skills and as alternative future cover occupations. Before long Pastelnyak told him to start learning English: apparently he was not going to operate in Finland, but in Britain, in America—where Pastelnyak himself had served—or somewhere in the Far East. He arranged private lessons for himself and a reluctant Aleksa; she was no linguist and was beginning to be apprehensive about shipping off to some strange country far from home.

Meanwhile he had a chance to compare notes with a couple of other Korotkov men in Tallin, and they ridiculed the notion that a deep-cover operator could take his family along with him. This worried him; but he was reassured within the month when Abramov, the junior officer of those who had interviewed him in Moscow, came to Tallin for a few days. Abramov told him he would be going to the United States with his wife and son, that he should read books about America, and that after the turn of the year he would report for a couple of weeks to Moscow to firm up the legend for his

cover identity, to check on his progress in English, and to get additional briefing.

*Eugene Maki Gets a Double*

In Moscow, early in 1949, he found that Korotkov had two possible cover identities ready for him. One was represented by an American passport showing a boy of about 12 who had arrived in Russia with his parents in 1925. But this boy would now be some seven years older than Hayhanen, and besides he had relatives in the United States that might prove embarrassing. The other was better: one Eugene Maki, born in Idaho the year before Hayhanen, had come with his family to Estonia in 1927 and now worked in the KFSSR as a chauffeur-mechanic. An MGB officer who had seen Maki thought that Hayhanen had a sufficient likeness to him. He could assume this American identity in Estonia, if at a sufficient distance from Tallin where he was already known. They would get him a mechanic's job in the government garage in Valga, down on the Latvian border. The apparently confiscated Maki birth certificate which Korotkov gave him could be used after a while to apply to some U.S. consulate for a passport. His English, as good as could be expected after half a year, he should in the meantime improve by himself without a teacher.

There was no specific provision in the Maki legend for a family, and when Hayhanen asked about it Korotkov was evasive: he should leave his wife and son in Tallin when he went to Valga as Maki, at any rate; he could go up to see them weekends. It seemed pretty clear that his superiors were maneuvering to back out on their promise, now he was in so deep that his whole career was involved in these plans. He did not tell Aleksa this, but she knew it intuitively. She stopped her English lessons, saying that she did not want to go on with them alone. She sat tight, dreading even the partial separation at opposite ends of Estonia, hoping that something would happen.

As the late winter and spring were frittered away in unstimulating garage work and strained weekend commuting, the new Eugene Maki grew impatient to get on with his assignment. He got the promised captaincy in May; perhaps that meant he would be moving soon. In a month or so Abramov

showed up in Valga; they had reviewed the Maki legend, he said, and decided that in its present form it was clearly unsatisfactory. It called for him to go to America after recent residence in the USSR, thus inviting the attention of the U.S. authorities; it required fluency in Estonian; it did not take advantage of Hayhanen's knowledge of Finnish. Hayhanen wondered whether these obvious considerations had really just occurred to them.

Now in 1943, Abramov went on, when the Soviet armies were liberating Estonia from the Germans, there had been a considerable exodus of Estonians to Finland; what more logical than that Eugene Maki had joined this migration and been in Finland ever since? He was therefore to quit his garage job and come to Moscow to make new plans. He would have to spend some time in Finland to back up this amendment to his legend. His wife and son had better stay in Tallin: they had only a smattering of Finnish, would complicate the legend, and would seriously inhibit his mobility. He could get back to see them occasionally.

This was too much for Aleksa. She couldn't bear the thought of more months alone in a strange city, without friends, living only for an occasional weekend. She would go back to her own country, stay with her own people, and wait for him as so many soldiers' wives had done during the war years, half of them in vain. Hayhanen took her to Tambov, said goodbye with tenderness but with some sense of relief from the strain of conflicting demands on him, and went to Moscow for another round of conferences with Korotkov and the staff of the American section.

*The Fledgling in Finland*

He was told that the several months in Finland needed to backstop his legend would be useful experience in living his cover in a foreign country, making contacts with a superior under official cover and with local agents, and using drops and communications channels. He could resume his English lessons, too. He could even be of some operational use if he took advantage of the opportunity to find out more about the details of Finnish documentation. For his own documentation in Finland, aside from the Maki birth certificate and a picture of Maki's father, he was given a KFSSR chauffeur-

mechanic's work certificate—this insurance against the possibility that the Finns had some record of the real Maki would also help to explain the false Maki's deficiency in Estonian—and on his way through Tallin he was to pick up from Pastelynak a card showing that as far as the MVD was concerned Maki had no citizenship.

This documentation was not for the purpose of getting into Finland—he was supposed to have gone in in 1943—but only for attesting his identity while there. His entry now was effected in simple if undignified secrecy, in the trunk of a car belonging to the Soviet embassy in Helsinki, driven across the border from the Soviet base at Porkkala. The visible passengers were an embassy official and Ivan Mikhailovich Vorobyev, chief correspondent in Finland for the paper *Trud* and Maki's channel back to Moscow. Vorobyev was also to help him back up the legend of his residence in Finland for the past six years, since 1943.

In September, on Vorobyev's orders, a Finnish agent took Maki on a "hunting" trip above the Arctic circle, in the agent's native Lapland. He told his Lapp friends that Maki was a deserter from the Finnish Army who needed help, and he paid two of them to certify that Maki had lived with them successively from 1943 to 1949. The past thus sketched, he filled in the present by getting Maki a job as blacksmith's helper. Working among the Lapps in this capacity into the dayless winter, Maki was not unhappy when Vorobyev suggested that he move closer to Helsinki where they could meet more often. In January he got a helper's job in a steel fabricating plant in industrial Tampere.

As 1950 dragged on, not idly but insignificantly—work at the plant, monthly meetings with Vorobyev, reports on living conditions in Finland, on attitudes of the population, and on the industries around Tampere; made-work, thought Maki—it began to seem high time that these "several months" in Finland should be up. One late summer evening he was going over his legend, reexamining it for flaws, trying to anticipate Moscow's discovery of other considerations that might delay his departure for America. He picked up the Maki birth certificate, and his eye fell on the routine Warning, "This certification is not valid if it has been altered in any way what-

soever. . . ." He held it up against the light. It was only too apparent: in Moscow they had tried to erase a stamp which recorded the real Maki's application for a Russian passport, and had done a poor job of it.[4] This might easily do more damage than merely delay him. The certificate itself was perfectly all right, if he could get a copy of the original before it had been stamped. Why not? He sat down and wrote a letter to the Department of Health, Enaville, Shoshone County, Idaho: "Dear sirs, I lost my birth certificate. . . ."

He didn't tell Moscow about this right away: they would probably tear their hair over anything so naive. They had still said nothing about applying for a passport, and by the time they did he'd have the new certificate. His eagerness to be off, thus dampened for a while, was soon to be thoroughly quenched.

*Eugene Maki Takes a Wife*

The quencher was Hanna Kurikka, young, blonde, and graceful, crowned Queen of the Fete in a recent beauty contest. Maki was bewitched; this girl's gay and open spontaneity was so different from the almost anguished affection of Aleksa, so different from anything he had known in his life, something from another world. He was not bothered by her lowly social status or by the rumors about means she had used to supplement her wages as a housemaid. These things only brought her quintessence of vitality within his reach and comprehension. Hanna, for her part, was overwhelmed. She had never aspired to the affections of such an upstanding man, so well educated, so generous and kind. There was a mysterious *savoir faire* about him which must reflect his origins in America. She loved him for himself, but she thrilled with half-conscious expectations at his hints that he might some day go back to visit his native land.

They met in September. By November they were inseparable, floating through a dream-world, intoxicated. Maki stopped going to work at the plant; it seemed a stupid waste of time. In January the new photostated birth certificate came. He showed it to Hanna. She kissed it. In March they moved to Turku in order to be by the sea. Hanna began to mention marriage wistfully once in a while. Maki was em-

barrassed, and felt vaguely guilty about Aleksa waiting there in Tambov.

Maki now worked off and on for some plumbing contractors, and found odds and ends of information to report to Moscow through Vorobyev. Of course they knew nothing about Hanna. He had better tell them about the birth certificate, though; he didn't much care if they did think him half-baked now. But Moscow was pleased, seeing in his initiative a confirmation of their estimate of his resourcefulness, and this maybe triggered their decision that it was time for him to apply for his U.S. passport. He stalled a while, but filed the application in July 1951. Fortunately there were complications—he had to show proof that he had not served in the Finnish armed forces or registered to vote—which would serve to delay action for some time.

Hanna was now more outspoken about her wish to get married. She was right, of course, from her viewpoint: a woman doesn't feel secure without that legal tie. And it really shouldn't matter to him, he told himself; after all, he was not Reino Hayhanen, with a wife in Tambov, but Eugene Maki, who could marry when he chose. Some day this wild, delicious dream would be over and he would be Reino Hayhanen again, back in the work-a-day world. As for Moscow, they hadn't played it very square with him; they needn't know. The Makis moved to nearby Tammisto and were married in November.

*Hayhanen Readied for the Plunge*

So passed another winter, and the spring and early summer. Late in July of 1952 came the inexorable passport, and swift on its heels the order to report to Moscow for three weeks' training and final briefing. Hayhanen's grayed enthusiasm began to glow again. A business trip to France and Italy, he told Hanna; he'd be back. He crossed to Porkkala in the same car-trunk that had brought him in three long years ago. He visited his mother in the KFSSR, and sent word to Aleksa to meet him with their son in Moscow. He was back to reality, the same vigorous career-and-family man he had been before these ties were dissolved in Maki's dream. He threw himself into his final intensive Moscow training.

His headquarters had moved to the KI building on the outskirts, although the KI itself was now defunct. Colonel Ko-

rotkov was not in evidence. Neither was Abramov. Colonel Vitali Gregoryevich Pavlov, who had interviewed him before as a member of the American section staff, was now its Deputy. But it was mostly the Training Officer, Captain Aleksey Kropotkin, that took charge of his TDY. The training was conducted from a safe-house, with two shifts of instructors. He learned how to use ciphers, and was issued a cipher of his own which he was never to reveal to anyone. When in New York he'd get one-time pads, they told him. He had a refresher in taking photographs of documents and learned to dissolve their hard backing, leaving only the emulsion as "soft film." He was taught how to make and hide microdots, and how to signal their location separately. He practiced tailing and evasion on the Moscow streets.

He was given a full set of instructions for his American operations, which he memorized in part and in part noted down. He was introduced to the official who would be his contact and communications channel, Mikhail Nikolayevich Svirin, about to leave for New York as First Secretary to the Soviet UN delegation. But the effort to minimize the use of official cover was still on, and later, when he had built up his own network of agents, he would be made assistant to the deep-cover resident in New York,[5] who would have direct communications to Moscow. On arrival in New York he should go to a Finnish club and get them to help him find a place to live. He could live wherever he wished, but should keep Moscow informed. He should let them know he had arrived safely by putting a red thumbtack on the "Horse Carts" sign near the Tavern-on-the-Green restaurant in Central Park. If he suspected surveillance the thumbtack should be white.

He was not ordinarily to meet Svirin in person. He was given a list of numbered places—"banks"—where messages could be hidden. When he had banked a message he should go to the railing in front of 150 Central Park West and put a chalk mark on the horizontal bar corresponding to the number of the bank. If he needed a meeting he could mark one of the railing posts. He should watch a different location for the signal that Svirin had banked a message for him.

He could lay low for the first three months, establishing his cover and making sure that he was not watched. On the

twenty-eighth of each month during this period, at ten o'clock in the morning,[6] he was to be at the Prospect Park subway station in Brooklyn and simply walk through the south exit; thus Moscow would know that he was alive and well. After three months he should begin to circulate, joining all the Finnish clubs and exploring all means to build up his agent network.

It was *Major* Hayhanen, this time, who ducked into the car-trunk on the Porkkala side of the border and emerged as Eugene Maki on the Finnish side. The promotion and his elaborate instructions gave him a renewed sense of purpose and responsibility, which Hanna, when he reached Tammisto, dimmed but could not dispel. He took her to Turku, his port of sail, in order to be with her as much as possible while completing his preparations for the voyage. It was a torn and poignant month, the Maki idyll continually interrupted with Hayhanen business. As soon as he got settled he would send for her, he said, because it was the thing to say.

*The Promised Land*

He sailed on October 10, via Stockholm and London. From London he sent a wish-you-were-here picture postal to his Lapp benefactor, care of general delivery, Helsinki. It would tell Vorobyev and Moscow he had got that far. He docked in New York October 21, and was passed through the immigration and customs formalities without incident. He found temporary lodging at a cheap hotel in Harlem. He put a red thumbtack on the "Horse Carts" sign.

He walked the streets and rode the subways, getting used to the dizziness of the city. He spotted his message banks—a hole in a cement wall on Jerome Avenue, a bench in Riverside Park, the space under a lamp post in Fort Tryon Park, the iron fence on Macombs Dam Bridge. He sampled the night-life, thinking of Hanna's fascination with its distant glamor. He went shopping, and because he missed Hanna he bought a present for Aleksa, splurging on a modish fur coat. He applied to a Finnish club and obtained room and board with a Finnish family in Brooklyn. He left a message for Svirin suggesting that the Jerome Avenue bank be changed to a more convenient place in Brooklyn, a gap in a mortar joint between some stone steps in Prospect Park, and asking

that Svirin forward his package to Aleksa. On the twenty-eighth, as scheduled, he walked through the Prospect Park subway station. Svirin answered his message and gave him a new signal location, the metal fence at the 86th St. entrance to Central Park; by a horizontal mark on the first post Maki could indicate that he had left a message at Bank No. 1, etc.

In November he enciphered his first message to Moscow since the London postcard, his Letter No. 1: He wanted to set up a business as his cover means of livelihood; he needed $5,000 for this purpose. He had forgotten the name of the chemical used to dissolve the backing from soft film. Did he have any mail, and what was going on at home generally? He would send details about where he lived and worked later on; when would he receive the promised one-time pads? Did Aleksandra Ivanovna get the package, and how was she?[7]

He photographed this message with his Exacta, developed and trimmed the film, and placed it in a small round silver case. He snapped the lid on—a Finnish 50-markka piece, its special construction undetectable save for a tiny hole through which a needle could push the two halves apart. He put the coin in a magnetic change-container. He went to Riverside Park, sat on the designated bench, and left the container fixed to a steel brace on its under side. He put a mark across the second post of the 86th St. fence. Every day now he walked past a fence off New Utrecht Avenue in Brooklyn; soon a vertical mark appeared on the second post there; the message had been picked up. He went back to 86th St. and rubbed his own mark off.

Then he waited, rather idle and lonely for Hanna, and drinking perhaps too much. He got a job in a body and fender shop. In December Moscow's reply found its way back through the same machinery, reversed. Maki pushed a hollow American nickel open and took out a microfilm showing ten columns of five-figure groups. Using his own cipher, he converted it into the Russian text of Moscow's first message:

1. We congratulate you on a safe arrival. We confirm the receipt of your card to "V" and the reading of your Letter No. 1.
2. For organization of your cover we have given instructions that $3,000 be transmitted to you. Consult with us prior to investing it in any kind of business, advising the character of this business.

3. According to your request we will transmit separately the formula for the preparation of soft film and the news, together with a letter from your mother.
4. It is too early to send you the one-time pads. Encipher short letters, and for longer ones use inserted numbers, transmitting separately the corresponding insertions. All the data about yourself, place of work, address, etc. must not be transmitted in one cipher message.
5. The package was delivered to your wife in person. Everything is all right with the family. We wish you success.

Greetings from the comrades. No. 1, 3 December.

Maki put the film back into the coin and snapped it closed. $3,000. Not as much as he'd asked for, but as much as he really expected. It would cover the down payment on one of those little neighborhood garages he'd seen advertised. He thought of his work in the big garage at Valga, puncuated by weekends with Aleksa. That made him think of Hanna—everything made him think of Hanna—and how utterly unimportant all other people were. Hanna in New York, Hanna riding in a new American car. He put the trick nickel in his pocket and went out to buy some American vodka. Next day when he wanted to check the message over he couldn't remember where it was. Funny, he thought, how he'd picked up Hanna's habit of hiding things away so carefully he couldn't find them himself. He had no premonition that on some Brooklyn corner a newsboy would spill his change and see one nickel spring apart.[8]

Living was unbelievably expensive in New York; just keeping a supply of his favorite brandy on hand put a big dent in Maki's salary. By the time he'd made up his mind which garage to buy he'd already let too much of the $3,000 slip through his fingers to make the down payment. And he couldn't get out of his head the picture of Hanna riding in a sleek American car. He still had enough money to make the picture real. And it was not complicated; Hanna was in preferred immigration status as the wife of an American citizen. She arrived in February 1953, and they took an apartment in Brooklyn and bought a car.

Maki now sent Moscow his Letter No. 2, the first in a long series of bimonthly equivocations and deceptions about his operational activities. As he had learned in Finland, he could

either have Hanna or pursue his operational career, not both; and he had chosen. Of course he had to go through the motions, and sometimes these motions were considerable.[9] For one thing, he had to keep a watch on Svirin's New Utrecht Avenue signal fence. One spring day he found a number 6 chalked there. You add 2, he remembered, and that means you meet at this Brooklyn subway station on the next eighth, eighteenth, or twenty-eighth of the month. You both get on a subway train, but keep apart, and ride past three stops. Then you both get off and take one going in the opposite direction. Then if you haven't been followed you transact your business. Then you get off and Svirin keeps on going.[10]

Maki thus held his first meeting with Svirin. All this to collect your salary and a routine message, he thought; much easier to let the old man, the courier Svirin had mentioned, put them under the Fort Tryon lamp post in a hollow bolt.[11] It was complicated enough at best, this triple deception. Moscow must be made to think he was busily building up an agent net. Hanna had to have an explanation of where he got his money and of certain mysterious activites he couldn't share with her. (He hinted to her that illegal traffic in narcotics was a real gold mine.) He had to have some honest source of income in the eyes of neighbors and the U.S. authorities. (He was fired from his body-and-fender job in May; he watched the want-ads and worked off and on as shipping clerk, vacuum cleaner salesman, or utility man.) He wasn't really on the square with anyone. Least of all Aleksa. That summer he discovered that a shot of liquor before breakfast would steady him and clear his brain.

In the fall he had his second and last meeting with Svirin in person.[12] Svirin gave him a less routine message this time. In order to reduce his dependence on official-cover channels he was being assigned a courier, a Finnish sailor under the pseudonym Asko, whose ship called at New York three or four times a year. Asko could carry messages for Moscow and bring back hollow coins and pencils. Maki should meet him at a certain movie theater in Brooklyn. Maki would wear a blue tie with red stripes, Asko a blue tie with flowers. There were greeting formulas for recognition.

The appointment came off as scheduled. Maki and Asko set up joint locations—under the seat of a telephone booth in a New York bar, atop a partition in the men's room of a Brooklyn bar—where Finnish notes could be tacked to signal a meeting or to say that a message to or from Moscow had been deposited in one of their "banks." Such a message would be on microfilm, concealed, say, in the split cover of a matchbook. Asko had previously been using a bank in a Riverside Park lamp post with another deep-cover man—this man couldn't understand Finnish, and so Asko had a hard time doing business with him—but he and Maki agreed on a bench in Brooklyn's Sunset Park and a place behind the toilet in another Brooklyn bar as the most convenient banks for them. For future meetings they chose yet a third Brooklyn bar. It was always fun when Asko came to town.

It may have been Asko, though, who caused Maki a bit of work once early in 1954. Normally Moscow did not trouble him with assignments; he was supposed to be operating on his own initiative.[13] But now some agent, they notified him, had lost contact with his principal, wasn't receiving messages, and had posted a danger signal; Maki was to meet this man and give him a message setting up new arrangements. He always suspected that Asko's language difficulties with the man he'd worked for before had something to do with this confusion. He took care of the unwelcome chore, anyway, and never heard any more about it. He was soon to begin getting more assignments than he would have liked to think about.

### *The Master Craftsman*

Colonel Rudolph Ivanovich Abel was both an artist and an imaginative, accomplished artisan, and he took pride in his art. *Arts*, rather, for intelligence tradecraft is hardly a single craft, with its range of skills from forgery to radio repairing. He was proud, for instance, of his forged New York certificate attesting the birth in 1897 of one Martin Collins, an identity he might have to fall back on some day. True, he had not staked his present and last previous identity on his forger skill:[14] six years ago, in 1948, it was as U.S. citizen Andrew Kayotis that he had arrived in New York via Le Havre and Quebec because the real Kayotis, after gambling away his other valuables during a Copenhagen fling, with desperate

bravado put up and lost his authentic U.S. passport in a final game.[15] And the imposter Kayotis, once he was inside the country, had melted into Emil Goldfus, who held the photostat of an authentic New York certificate of birth in 1902, because there was no danger that the real Goldfus, having died at the age of some fourteen months, would prove embarrassing. Goldfus was safer than the completely imaginary Collins, but he would not be afraid to become Collins if necessary; he did his forging meticulously well.

Another painstaking pleasure for the master craftsman was the fabrication of the hollow containers he used to transmit or store messages, money, and other secret valuables—the wooden pencil inside which he kept on microfilm the letters from his family and Moscow's radio schedule, the trick sanding block where he stored his one-time pad,[16] the hollow bolts, screws, and nails with threaded heads, the cuff links with removable faces, the toothpaste tubes opened at the bottom, the matchbox with the double sliding compartment, the dry cell with the threaded top, the metal cylinders and plugged lengths of pipe to hold money and other bulky items. He spent a good deal of time making these devices for himself and his agents, and it was satisfying work, the creation of physical projections of an orderly, inventive mind.

He had developed his own formula for secret ink and his own method of making microdots, both improvements over what Moscow had given him.[17] He enjoyed thinking up new ways to transmit microdots—under the staple in the binding of a magazine mailed to an accommodation address in Paris, say, or under the stamp on a letter to one of the "stamp dealers," Vladinec and Merkulow, in Moscow. He liked to hunt up better message banks than the usual iron fences and park benches—a spot under the carpet in a theater, for instance, or an aperture behind a telephone booth. He would try out a new bank by leaving something in it for ten days to see if it remained undisturbed.

Photography was his special hobby, and since it also provided his cover occupation he could indulge in it openly. He now had a separate penthouse studio, on Fulton Street in Brooklyn, after five cramped years in his earlier studio-apartments on West 99th St. and on Riverside Drive. Aside from

photographic work, the new studio was a convenient place to keep his machine tools, his radio receivers and equipment, and his Morse printer, rather than in his Hicks Street apartment. Radio was a lesser specialty of his, but he made friends among the neighbors by fixing their receivers for them.

Partly, perhaps, because radio was not his first love, he was less than enthusiastic about Moscow's project that he set up a transmitter so he could send messages to them as well as receive their traffic. He understood the desirability of getting communication channels independent of the official-cover people and their diplomatic facilities, but he was at a loss for a safe practical way to set up a powerful secret transmitter in the crowded New York area, with radio and TV sets all around to pick up its interference and the radio police, the so-called FCC, keeping such a close watch. Even the proposed two-minute bursts of ultra-high-speed Morse would not be likely to go undetected. It might work in the open country if he could find a sufficiently secluded high spot, but then he would need a more portable and hidable transmitter than the elephantine set proposed by Moscow.[18] Perhaps he could make one himself. He would also need an operator, if he was to have any time for his other duties and his agents. Certainly something had to be done, if only against the eventuality of war, when there would be no diplomatic communications, when one would be willing to run greater risks, and when submarines lying off the coast could figure as relay points as well as operational recipients.

He himself would be out of it then, unless war came sooner than anybody expected. He was getting on toward sixty, and in less than three years he'd have his thirty years of service in. He looked forward more and more to his retirement. The work was fine, but it was really quite a sacrifice to stay so long away from his wife and daughter and from Mother Russia. He hoped this new assistant they were giving him turned out to be a better prospective replacement than Big Shot had. Flamboyant character! And arrogant: thought he was the boss already, before he was dry behind the ears. Wanted *twenty thousand dollars* for a cover business. Kept running back and forth to Moscow. Cracked up his sports car [19] on the parkway; $1,800 just in doctor-bills. He'd be quite a time recuperating, back in the Crimea.

*The Abel Assistant*

The new man might be just the opposite—that is, over-cautious—to judge by what Moscow said, that during his two years in New York he had asked for a number of name-checks but hadn't produced a single agent. Abel himself had spent the first year just looking around, but after that you should start producing. He would soon be able to form a first-hand opinion of this man: On Labor Day, at Moscow's direction, he was to meet this "Vic"—using for himself the code-name "Mark"—at a movie house in Flushing, on Long Island. Vic would be wearing a blue-and-red-striped tie and would make certain motions with his pipe as a recognition signal. Mark should arrange regular and frequent future meetings, provide training and supervision as necessary, and pay him a major's salary plus expenses.

Vic—whom the reader will have recognized as Hayhanen-Maki—agreed to meet Mark at least once a week. At each meeting they firmed up the time and exact arrangements for the next, with an alternate date in reserve against unforeseen circumstances. The usual arrangement was for Vic to wait in his car near a specified street corner; Mark had no car and did not drive. If contact between them were broken each was to check the sign at the entrance to Tillary Street Park every day for a signal from the other. It was convenient that they both lived in Brooklyn.

Mark's developing impression of Vic was not bad, at least by comparison with the late lamented Big Shot. He was intelligent, seemed interested and responsive, and caught on quickly to new techniques. He had even done some original work in microdot methods. On the other hand, his preposterous narcotics-trade cover showed poor judgment,[20] and his reasons for not having produced any agents were thin: he was afraid that fraternizing in the Finnish clubs might blow him, he said; Moscow kept him too busy with specific assignments; they had refused him enough capital to get started in a garage business. Mark told him to go ahead and join the clubs and promised that when he had some more training in photography he could set up his own studio.

At least he was useful as a leg-man and chauffeur, and that was a good way for Mark to get a better idea of his capabilities.

He used him a lot in those capacities during the rest of 1954 and early 1955. One of Mark's assignments, for example, was to check secretly on the activities of a man who lived in Queens, perhaps an agent Moscow didn't trust. He turned this assignment over to Vic. They drove to Queens together and Mark pointed out the man's house; whenever Vic had a free day he should drive up and mount surveillance on it. Mark didn't much like this counterintelligence business, which proceeded from the assumption that no one was to be trusted. A similar distaste subconsciously motivated his attempt shortly thereafter to shunt another job to Vic, that concerning an agent under the code-name Quebec.

One day Mark had found in his bank in the bridge-wall near Central Park reservoir a broken slot-head bolt. He took it to the studio, unscrewed the head, shook out a rolled and tissue-wrapped frame of microfilm, and put it in his viewer. He scanned the message:

> QUEBEC, Roy A. Rhodes . . . former employee of the US Military Attache . . . recruited to our service in January 1952 . . . on the basis of compromising materials . . . is tied up to us with his receipts and information . . . in his own handwriting. After he left our country he was to be sent to the school of communications . . . at San Luis, California. He was to be trained there as a mechanic of the coding machines.
>
> He fully agreed to continue to cooperate with us in the States . . . He was to have written . . . special letters, but we had received none. . . . It has recently been learned that Quebec is living in Red Bank, N. J., where he ownes three garages. The garage job is being done by his wife. . . . His brother . . . works as an engineer at an atomic plant in Camp, Georgia . . .[21]

He had Vic drive him to Red Bank to make inquiries, and on the way told him something about the case. In Red Bank he found that Quebec's wife was indeed running a garage business, but had no idea of her husband's present whereabouts; probably he was out west somewhere. It was a wild goose chase, thought Mark; blackmail was the least dependable of agent motivations, especially when you weren't in a position to exercise a continuity of psychological pressure. He reported his findings to Moscow, suggesting that if they wanted to pursue the matter they might assign it directly to Vic; the job would increase his sense of responsibility, he wrote a little speciously.[22]

When in a few weeks Vic received Moscow's instruction to locate Quebec, with a further lead on relatives in Howard, Colorado, Mark turned over to him the original message in its bolt container and gave him three weeks free of other duties to go out west and see if the relatives knew the defaulting agent's address. On the way Vic could make some observations Moscow had requested about certain installations in the Chicago and Detroit areas.[23] It was close on to Christmas before he got back; he had not been able to make the observations in Chicago and Detroit, he said, because he had been sick throughout the whole trip, but he had telephoned the Quebec relatives and got an address in Arizona for the delinquent. Mark told him to report direct to Moscow, hoping Moscow might let it drop there.

As time went on Mark came to the conclusion that Vic would perform competently if given a specific task and specific instructions on how to go about it, but poorly if left with a general assignment calling for his own initiative and judgment. He had indiscreetly had a woman with him, Mark learned quite by accident, on the trip west that drew the blank in Chicago and Detroit.[24] Moreover, he treated alcohol altogether too much like water, even if he did carry it well. Mark had several talks with him about that, without any lasting effect, and so beginning in 1955 confined his independent assignments to the simple ones—taking a hollow pencil from Asko in a routine reliability check and sending it back to Moscow through one of Svirin's banks; knocking on a door at a Boston address Moscow wanted checked and sending Moscow a description of the man who answered it. Even on cases like that of Quebec last year—there was this other one-time agent Moscow wanted to reactivate, but it turned out that his own Atlantic City relatives wouldn't trust him as far as they could throw him—Mark was afraid Vic might encourage Moscow's unrealistic pursuit of dubious agents, and so used him only as chauffeur.

That's just the way the Quebec business had turned out. In the spring Mark received instructions from Moscow to contact Quebec and get him back on the job. In Arizona yet, and separated from his wife, undoubtedly the fulcrum of the blackmail lever. Well, he wouldn't; his home leave was coming up,

and talking to them in person there in Moscow he could make them see the light. His more important business at home would be to report on Vic, though; he would tell them that Vic would do as an assistant, working under supervision, but that he seemed to lack motivation and as a replacement he would be quite inadequate for the foreseeable future. He wanted to impress on them the urgency of getting a competent man out to take over so as not to delay his own retirement.

*Five Grand for Helen Sobell*

Mark scheduled his departure for not later than the end of June, so as to make the west-east transit in Vienna easy, before the Soviet forces pulled out under the terms of the new treaty. He gave Vic the equipment and some money to set up his promised photo shop, suggesting that he locate in Newark and take advantage of the relative freedom from assignments to get it started during his own absence. He also repaired the AC–DC shortwave receiver which had burned out when he tried to plug it in on Vic's car—not knowing that the car had a twelve-volt battery [25]—and gave it to Vic to practice reading Morse; Vic might some day have to handle the Moscow traffic if Moscow never came through with an operator. He had things about in shape to leave when Moscow sent him word to give $5,000 to Helen Sobell.

This was not so simple as it sounds, with Morton Sobell serving thirty years for espionage and his wife still under surveillance. It wouldn't do to simply walk up to her address, or even telephone to arrange a meeting. Best hide the money and then get word to her where to pick it up. He had Vic drive him upstate to Bear Mountain Park, taking the $5,000 in two tin cans. They walked up the Major Welch trail. They put one can under a heavy flat rock and tacked a sign like a disused trail marker on a nearby tree. The other can they hid in the hollow between some rocks at the root of a tree which already carried a trail marker, and they added an x-mark and the figure 2 to this sign.

Mark, his departure imminent, had to leave it to Vic to get word to Helen Sobell, but he gave him detailed instructions. Vic should go to a sympathetic friend of Helen's [26] and say that he was Morton's brother—Mark furnished him credentials

to that effect—that he was lying low but anxious to help, and that Helen should contact him at such-and-such a place and time. Helen would know enough to be careful. Mark handed him two photographs of her to avoid recognition complications.

This matter arranged, Mark took off. He caught a plane to Houston, and a train from there to Mexico City. Leaving the country this way, all you needed was a smallpox vaccination and a citizen's travel permit, and he had seen to these. In Mexico City he chalked the letter T on the telephone pole opposite 191 Chihvahaa St., on the street side. The next afternoon, at three o'clock, he was outside the Balmora theater looking at pictures of the current film. A sightseer standing next to him was smoking a pipe and carrying a red book in his left hand. Mark asked in English, "Is this an interesting picture?" The man said "Yes. Do you wish to see it, Mr. Brandt?" They went inside and transacted their business, principally arranging another such contact in Paris, where Mark-Goldfus-Abel should telephone the Soviet Commercial Mission at a certain time and speak a set French phrase. In Paris he would get his instructions for travel to Vienna and for contact there, and then he would be off to Moscow.[27]

In Moscow he reported on the status of the Sobell money and other unfinished business. He was able to persuade them not to pursue the quest of Rhodes-Quebec as an agent, but he was less successful in getting them to accept his evaluation of Hayhanen. It was one thing to question the motivation of a debased creature of the capitalistic environment, another to entertain such doubts about a Soviet citizen who had proved himself with many years in the Service and met the highest Party standards. They seemed to suspect rigidity and perhaps even some professional jealousy on Abel's own part, and pointed out that it was Abel's job to see that his assistant's enthusiasm was maintained and his full capabilities developed. The best Abel could do was to get a compromise agreement that on his return to New York he should secretly observe Hayhanen's performance for a while without revealing that he was back. They disclosed to him for this purpose the Eugene Maki cover name and his Newark address.

A final point of conflict with the headquarters staff was the matter of setting up transmitting equipment in New York. They argued down his objections, gave him a refresher course in radio techniques, and told him they already had an operator en route. He agreed to take more vigorous action on his return.[28] Thus settling his official business, he managed to spend most of his time during the remainder of 1955 with his wife and daughter, a delightful foretaste of his coming retirement. Toward the end of the year there arrived a message which Hayhanen had dispatched though his courier Asko: he had given up attempts at surveillance of that suspect agent whose house Mark had shown him in Queens, because surveillance was too obvious in such a suburban district; but he had delivered the $5,000 to Helen Sobell. That last was a tricky job involving some risk, thought Abel; perhaps the man has something in him after all.

Back in New York after the turn of 1956, Abel with some distaste set his agents to make a full check on Eugene Maki. They found immediately that he had indeed rented a store-apartment suitable for a photo shop and had opened a bank account, giving his occupation as "color photographer." But the details of his life in Newark, as they were gradually revealed, grew less and less favorable. He had made no further attempt to activate the photographic business, as far as could be found. He had a woman named Hanna living in the apartment with him as his wife. He rarely went out alone; she was almost always with him. They had a reputation in the neighborhood for keeping a slovenly house and drinking constantly. There were rumors that they dabbled in narcotics, perhaps not just as stock in trade. Maki had never applied for membership in any of the Finnish clubs in the New York area. There was no evidence of operational activity.[29]

Abel reported all this to Moscow in early April. Meanwhile Moscow, as he later learned, having received an inquiry from Helen Sobell about her $5,000, had sent Maki a request for full particulars on how he had passed the money to her. Showing continued trust in him, however, they had also furnished him the name and photograph of a potential courier, a member of a foreign airline crew, whom he should meet at a theater in Queens after an exchange of notes in a message bank there. Maki had failed to make this contact, but had sent a message

describing how he passed the $5,000 to Helen Sobell through an intermediary on September 15 last year.[30] Moscow had instructed him to make a new contact with Helen to arrange a joint check on this intermediary, and Maki had pleaded that it was too dangerous.

Moscow now informed Abel of all this and asked his recommendations. Abel replied in May: he had checked the Bear Mountain caches and found them empty; Maki had just moved to Peekskill, to a house he had bought last September and had renovated; [31] he recommended that Helen Sobell be given another $5,000 and that Maki be recalled for interrogation about the source of his funds for buying the house, about the woman Hanna, and about his operational activities or lack thereof.

Moscow was cautious. There was evidently some bad blood between Maki and Abel. It was quite possible that the unproved intermediary had taken the Sobell money. The neighborhood stories from Newark were inconclusive; they could be inventions, or a smoke-screen for cover. Finally, if Maki had indeed turned bad, it would be well to hold off and find out what compromising associations he may have built up. Svirin would be coming home in October; he could do some investigating first. In the meantime Abel could reestablish contact with Maki and keep him under observation. They authorized a new payment to Helen Sobell.[32]

Abel was annoyed. Recontacting Maki in July, he told him that since his photographic enterprise had flopped he had better apply now to Moscow for home leave; he had talked to them about it while he was there, he said. He added rather pointedly that while waiting for an answer Maki could make another contact with Helen Sobell so that Abel himself could personally give her the new payment of $5,000. As Abel expected, Maki stalled around on that assignment. Abel tried to keep him busy as a chauffeur, notably in searching out a suitable spot for the radio transmitter, although the promised operator never arrived.

*Exit Maki; Exit Abel*

In October Moscow was convinced by Svirin's report [33] that they had a bad egg in Maki, but they were relieved that apparently no one else was involved. They now agreed with alacrity

to his home leave. Abel wanted him to go right away, taking the Mexican route which didn't require a passport, but Maki, stalling and with Hanna's security in mind, insisted on applying for one. Abel, concerned at having Maki running around loose for more weeks or months, tried to get him to come live with him in a hotel. Maki gave the excuse that ever since he'd been hauled in on a traffic charge last summer he'd been detecting signs of surveillance on him, probably the FBI or narcotics agents, and he didn't want to risk compromising a second man. Abel didn't believe him, but to be on the safe side promised to forge him a birth certificate to support a new identity in case Eugene Maki had to disappear.[34]

The passport was issued early in December, but Maki stalled about leaving. He was getting worried: Mark was so curt now, and Moscow noncommittal. As if aware of his fears, Mark told him Moscow had sent notification that he was being promoted to Lieutenant Colonel. In January 1957 Moscow, now impatient, told Abel to get Maki under way. Abel again wanted him to go via Mexico, but Maki, still stalling, insisted on asking Moscow's approval for departure from New York by ship. Moscow, leaning over backward not to alarm him, agreed and told Abel not to see him any more; they would handle him themselves from here on out. They were afraid that Abel's stiff hostility might precipitate a bolt.

Abel had a final meeting with Maki in February, to give him the forged copy of an Oregon birth certificate. In emergency Maki would become Lauri Arnold Ermas, born in 1920 in Portland. On the eve of his departure from the States he should leave notification of his ETD and mode of travel in a magnetic container on the railing of a Prospect Park fence; Abel would check this bank for it every Friday. They said goodbye with forced cordiality, each with suspicion of the other in his eyes.

Maki-Hayhanen embarked, finally, on the S.S. Liberté on April 24. Moscow watched his progress anxiously. The ship docked at Le Havre on April 30. On May 2, as scheduled, the Soviet Commercial Mission in Paris received a telephone query in Russian: "Can I send two parcels to Russia through the Morey firm?" On May 3 at 10 a.m., as scheduled and confirmed by the telephone call, the man in the blue tie with red stripes appeared at the Chardon Lagache Metro station. He asked

for a travel advance, and was given it. He was told to take a train to Munich and thence a plane to West Berlin, where he could cross over to the east sector on the elevated. There he should telephone to 502805 between 5:30 and 6:00 p.m. and ask for Mr. Wojchek. Regardless of the answer, he should be at the Kaulert photo shop at 7:00 p.m., where someone would address him as "Andrey Stepanovich."

On the evening of May 3 Hayhanen was seen to walk, as scheduled, down the Avenue Victor Hugo. There was no newspaper in his pocket. Good; that meant that he would proceed as arranged to Berlin. But in Berlin the imaginary Mr. Wojchek waited in vain for his telephone call on May 5. Again on May 6 nothing. KGB officers all over Europe were alerted. But by the time they found out where Hayhanen was he was beyond their reach, in the solicitous hands of the Americans, recounting his years of training that ripened to this rottenness and betraying the lifetime service of another at its very close.

Hayhanen had known his boss only as "Mark," and didn't know where he lived in Brooklyn or the address of his studio. But he could tell enough about the studio from his conversations with Mark for the American authorities to identify it. Surveillance was mounted on it. When the radioed warning came that his erstwhile assistant was missing, Emil Goldfus disappeared. Martin Collins moved from hotel to hotel, getting ready to leave the country. But the studio still had to be made as sterile as possible: he had to take his chances and go back to Fulton Street. Thereafter he knew he had picked up an ineluctable tail. He couldn't shake it long enough to board a train or ship or plane. Early on the morning of the summer solstice, 1957, still in his nightshirt in a room at the Latham Hotel, Collins-Abel was arrested. He hasn't talked. In the federal penitentiary at Atlanta they prize his skill with things electric and mechanical, his quiet helpfulness, his paintings and designs for prison Christmas cards.

DOCUMENTARY NOTATIONS

1. The *Komitet Informatsyy* was not dissolved until 1952, but some of its functions were transferred back to the MGB as early as December 1948.

2. "Big Shot" was Abel's nickname for a high-level official sent to New York early in 1953, apparently to break in as Abel's replacement in the deep-cover residency. The 1948 antecedents to this move are postulated here. Big Shot's penchant for fast cars is not a matter of record.
3. Names and titles of RIS headquarters officials are presented here with somewhat greater definitude than is actually established.
4. This is one of Hayhanen's several divergent explanations for having sought a new certificate.
5. Whether Hayhanen was to start from scratch building up an agent net or was to be turned over an existing net is a question complicated by uncertainty as to his planned status in relation to Abel. It may be that he was originally intended to report immediately as Abel's assistant and take over the direction of some already active agents, but that some unforeseen circumstance—conceivably "Big Shot's" presence—made it advisable to leave him on his own for two years. For the purposes of this narrative it is assumed that his independent operation was deliberately planned as a test of his potential and as a means to build up a reserve against the contingency that Big Shot might be ineffective or even blow the Abel residency.
6. Hayhanen's recollection of the date and time of these monthly appearances is not clear.
7. The contents of this message are inferred from Moscow's reply. Hayhanen says it was a request for money without specifying the amount or purpose.
8. Hayhanen's denial that he ever received the Moscow message No. 1 can be viewed with some skepticism. Turned over to the FBI after the newsboy discovered it, it was deciphered when Hayhanen's defection provided the key.
9. Hayhanen insists that his operational activities were as slim as herein described. Although his statement is taken at face value for the purposes of this narrative, it is in fact open to considerable doubt: it is hard to believe that Moscow would make so few demands of an operative, be so entirely misled by him, or knowingly acquiesce in such a lack of production. Hayhanen talks freely about many phases of his life and work, but some of the information he did supply on operational activities had to be elicited by repeated questioning.
10. This procedure was described for one of the meetings with Svirin, not necessarily the first.
11. Precisely what business was transacted with Svirin is not known; a supply of soft film may have been passed. Hayhanen did not learn that the courier who serviced Svirin's drops was an "old man" until Abel told him later.

12. Hayhanen acknowledges only two meetings with Svirin but has told conflicting stories, and the real number is uncertain. The whole question of what role Soviet officers under official cover, like Svirin, play with respect to deep-cover operations, whether merely that of a communications channel or one including some kind of supervisory function, is a critical one unresolved by the information on this case. It is not known what business was actually transacted at this fall meeting, either; the Asko message may have been delivered by other means.
13. See note 9, above.
14. Although Abel is adept at graphic arts, it is questionable that he personally did the forging herein credited to him.
15. The real Kayotis, an unstable person, it is said, won a large sum gambling in the United States, left in mid-1947 for a three-year European visit, and was last heard from in Lithuania. Abel says he bought the Kayotis passport in Copenhagen for a thousand dollars while on his way to the United States. Abel's story probably implies too casual a procedure for the documentation of Soviet operatives: the Soviet authorities presumably acquired the Kayotis passport by bribery, confiscation, or some such accident as the narrative suggests, and furnished it to Abel in Moscow.
16. These things were found so concealed in 1957; they may not have been kept thus in 1954.
17. Hayhanen says that Abel's microdots were better than his own, and his own better than those he had been taught to make in Moscow. But he has alluded also to smaller Moscow microdots made on a special film of Soviet manufacture, and these may have been the same as Abel's.
18. It was actually a year later, when Abel was in Moscow, that this proposed transmitter was shown to him.
19. The type of car in which Big Shot had his accident is not in fact recorded.
20. It seems illogical that Hayhanen would have admitted narcotics-trade activity, whether as cover or not, to his new boss; but he says that later he told Abel the fictitious story that he suspected surveillance by narcotics agents.
21. This message, typed in English, was found in the bolt buried in Hayhanen's basement; Hayhanen implausibly disclaims knowledge of it. Since transmission of the message in plain text would be irregular and insecure, this version is presumed to be Abel's transcript from cipher, passed to Hayhanen when the case was turned over to him. It was effective in obtaining a confession from Sgt. Rhodes.
22. Abel's part and his motives in getting the case assigned to Hayhanen are a matter of supposition here.
23. Hayhanen has mentioned Chicago and Detroit installations as general intelligence targets, not as an objective on this particular trip.

24. Hayhanen had in fact taken Hanna with him, but there is no evidence that Abel knew that he had not travelled alone.
25. Hypothetical explanation for this accident.
26. This friend is postulated as the reason for the forged credentials.
27. The travel and contact procedure described here is reconstructed from Abel's proposals for Hayhanen's travel and from evidence of his own plans for escape from the country in 1957. His mode of travel and points of contact in 1955 are not known.
28. The entire content of these Moscow discussions is hypothetical.
29. There is presumptive evidence that Abel made this investigation, whether by agreement with headquarters or on his own initiative; but there are considerations both in favor of the presumption and against it. As illustrated in Hayhanen-Abel assignments and elsewhere, it is Soviet practice to double-check on agents and operatives. Abel was back in New York for full half a year before getting in touch with his assistant, and did not reveal this fact to him even afterwards. He could not have failed to become quite suspicious of Hayhanen if only because of his alcoholism, and it hardly seems credible that Hayhanen had kept Hanna secret both from Abel and from Moscow all these years, as he maintains. On the other hand, if this investigation was made and it turned up evidence of his dissolute life with Hanna, as it would, one might expect Moscow to have acted more promptly in recalling him, and to have made sure as well that Hanna was not left in New York free to tell whatever she knew. The narrative tries to reconcile these opposing considerations as best it can.
30. What particulars Hayhanen actually invented to cover his embezzlement is not known.
31. The dating of Hayhanen's purchase of the Peekskill house to coincide with his exappropriation of the Sobell money is arbitrary. He has said that he and Hanna recovered it in September and spent it on hotels and liquor.
32. It is assumed in this narrative that the second $5,000 for Helen Sobell was a replacement for the first, which Moscow must therefore have known was not received. It is possible, however, that two different payments were intended. Under this supposition Moscow's request for particulars on the method of passing the first was a routine check, and a fully trusted Hayhanen was asked to make a second contact with Helen for the purpose, presumably, of passing more money.
33. The only positive indication that Svirin made such an investigation and report is the apparent firming up of Moscow's decision on Hayhanen at the time of Svirin's return. If he did, the assignment has a bearing on the relationship, discussed in note 12 above, between Soviet official and deep-cover operatives.
34. See note 14.